

Newcomer

by LazytownBeat

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Summary: Someone new arrives in Lazytown. She's alone and has no one to confide in, but herself. Avery was forced to run away from her parents at the age of fifteen, leaving her by herself in Lazytown. She's unsure of who to turn to when her emotions get the best of her.

Newcomer

I looked out the window of the bus, watching the scenery pass. I shook my head. I shouldn't be running away, but what was the point? I had no home. I ran an uneasy hand through my shoulder-length blonde hair.

I would be living alone for the rest of my life. I'm only fifteen, and my parents have left me to fend for myself.

The bus stopped. I looked up from the window, snapping out of my thoughts. I had no idea where I was for a second.

Lazytown.

I had looked online and found this place, super cheap.

I shrugged my backpack over my bare shoulders, regretting the tank top I had chosen for the spring day. I sighed softly and paid the bus driver before walking into the orange concrete.

This town looked horrible. No wonder it was cheap. Grass was everywhere, littering the ground and growing in the cracks of walls.

My grey eyes scrolled the terrain. Nothing. Nobody. This town was deserted. I looked above me, spotting a blue airship. I raised my eyebrows and shrugged, putting my head down and trudging into the town.

I rested my hands on my backpack straps, walking to the place I was told. The Mayor's office.

I approached City Hall, no one blocking my path. I sighed a soft breath of relief, not really in the mood for talking to anyone.

I knocked on the door, hearing the soft shuffling of feet behind the thin wood.

"Ah! Hello there!" A chubby man said as he pulled open the door. "You must be Avery! Avery Willis! Please come in! I'm the Mayor, Mayor Meanswell."

He said everything in a rush. I just nodded softly and walked into the small office, sitting across from him at his desk.

"So you're fifteen?" The Mayor looked at me.

I nodded.

"Perfect! There are several kids living here, um... Alone." He offered me a smile and passed some paperwork over to me.

I looked down at the paper, reading through it. He wanted to sign me up for school.

I sighed softly. "Mayor." I muttered, "I don't need school. I can barely afford this to begin with." I looked down, not wanting to make eye contact, my ears burning with shame.

He laughed.

"Oh ho ho. Of course not! School is free! And all kids need school! You'll start tomorrow."

Fear flashed across my face. My old school was never the best. Bullies walking over to me and picking on me for no reason.

I thought I was a nobody. Somebody who blended in with the crowd. Not too nerdy, not too popular. Just... Me. Nobody usually noticed me.

Maybe it had been the way I dressed? Band tees, beanies and tank tops might not have been the best decision, but I got all the hand-me-downs from my older brothers, so I owned no actual girl clothes. I just grew up with it, I'm used to it.

The Mayor noticed my small emotion.

"You'll be fine! It'll be fun! In fact, my niece gets out of school soon, you can meet her and all of her friends!"

I looked down at the desk and shook my head. They would judge me. Judge me for my clothes, my personality. I couldn't do it. I pushed myself up. "If that's all Mayor..." I mumbled. "I'd like to get going."

The Mayor looked at me and shook his head, "No, please stay! This is your first day in Lazytown! I want to introduce you to everyone."

I protectively crossed my arms over my chest and shrugged lightly. I couldn't get out of this one.

He took me outside and walked me over to an area where soccer nets and several balls rested. "This is the Sports Field!" Meanswell said happily. "All of the children come here to play after school and the weekends."

I just nodded and jumped on the short wall, sitting cross-legged. I held onto my ankles, hearing a school bell in the distance.

Kids slowly walked my way, talking about school.

I stopped listening as soon as they got close. The Mayor opened his mouth, looking at all the kids as I down stepped off the wall.

"Avery Willis." I heard my name and snapped back into reality.

"Nice to meet you." A pink girl said, a smile on her face. She put her hand out for me to shake.

I looked down at it and slowly reacted, shaking her hand.

"I'm Stephanie!" She said with a grin. "That's Ziggy." She pointed to a small, blonde, chubby kid. "That's Pixel." She smiled in the direction of an obvious gamer. "There's Trixie, and Stingy." She finished.

"Avery." I said, no emotion in my voice.

She nodded, "Want to come and play with us?"

I pulled my hand away and shoved it in my pocket. "I'm fine..." I mumbled. "Thanks though, I just need to be alone for a second."

"Oh, um... Okay... Guess I'll see you around!"

I shrugged and quickly hurried to my new house.

Sportacus jumped out of his airship, landing besides the children at the Sports Field.

"Hi guys!" He said happily, accent flowing off his tongue.

"Sportacus!" The kids exclaimed in unison.

"What are you playing?"

Stephanie shrugged. "Nothing." She said lamely.

"Why not?" The sports elf stood with his hands on his hips, looking down at them.

"Someone new moved in today." Stephanie looked down at the ground and shrugged again.

"Really? Are they a kid?"

She nodded.

"Well then why aren't they playing with you?"

Stephanie shook her head. "We invited her, she just didn't want to."

"Really..." Sportacus muttered, slightly confused. "What is her name?"

"Avery Willis."

The hero nodded softly, "I'll go introduce myself." He offered a smile to the kids. "I'll get her moving around in no time." He winked at Stephanie before flipping away.

When he was out of earshot of the kids, his crystal went off. He stopped, landing on his feet.

"Someone's in trouble."

He immediately looked around, but all of the children were safe at the Sports Field. His gaze traveled to the Mayors. He was fine. It had to be the new girl.

He increased his speed and sprinted off in the direction of her house. The window was open. He stopped outside it and poked his head in. "Avery?" He whispered.

The house was quiet, but he could hear the soft breath of someone who had been crying.

This was not the way he wanted to introduce himself.

He knocked on the wall, not being able to spot the fifteen year old.

"Avery, I'm here to help, the Mayor must have told you about me." He said, voice slightly louder. "I'm Sportacus."

A head slowly poked up. It shook slightly. "I'm fine...I don't need saving. I...if you want me to exercise... I'll be out in a second."

End  
file.